



APHRODITE,
I NEED TO HAVE A
"CONVERSATION"
WITH MY MOTHER.
MAKE SURE NO ONE
GETS IN HERE.
UNDERSTOOD?
NO ONE.

YES,
MA'AM...



FOR LUNCH.

SO
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING?

RIGHT NOW
I'M SERVING
LUNCH.

HUH?

NOTHING. HERE
LOOK, WHAT I'M
DOING IS TAKING
CDI'S OWN SECURITY
FEEDS, BLOCKING
THEM, AND PLUGGING
IN MY OWN
*COMPUTER-
GENERATED*
VERSION OF
EVENTS IN REAL
TIME.





Colorists

Troy Peteri

Letterer

Inkers

Stjepan Sejic

Final Art Polish





THERE! THAT'S
WHAT I WANTED
YOU TO *SEE*, SIR.
IT'S LOADING
DOCK SIX.

ALL I SEE,
SERGEANT IS A
GUARD STANDING
WATCH.

THAT'S JUST IT,
SIR. CORPORAL
HICKS HAS A HABIT
OF *ROCKING*
BACK AND FORTH
ALL THE TIME. HE
NEVER STANDS
STILL.



...UNDERSTOOD.

THIS IS AS
CLOSE AS I CAN GET.
REMEMBER, THE
COUNTERMEASURES
ARE TOO STRONG IN
THERE, SO
"BLINDERS" ARE
USELESS...

LOADING
BOOK

A comic book panel featuring a conversation. On the left, a close-up of a reptilian alien with purple and yellow scales and a blue helmet. In the center, a human soldier in a blue uniform and cap stands in a doorway. On the right, a partial view of another person's face and shoulder. Three speech bubbles contain the dialogue.

MAJOR
DOLOROSSA?

WHAT IS
IT?

IT'S PROBABLY
NOTHING. BUT WE'RE OBSERVING
SOME ODD BEHAVIORS COMING
FROM OUR INTERNAL SECURITY
SYSTEMS. WE UH...MAY HAVE BEEN
HACKED, SIR.



MAKE YOURSELVES
COMFORTABLE AND
HELP YOURSELVES
TO A GLASS OF
FREE LEMONADE!





DOLOROSSA, MAKE SURE YOUR MEN
SPARE A FEW CIVILIANS. IF WE HAVE A SLIP IN
OUR COVERAGE WE'LL NEED *LIVE* WITNESSES.
TELL MR. FERRIS I WANT CONTINUOUS
RECALCULATIONS FROM THE MOMENT
YOUR MEN *OPEN FIRE*.

IF WE DO OUR JOBS CORRECTLY
TODAY AND THROW THE UNITED STATES INTO
COMPLETE *DISARRAY*, THE WORLD WILL
STOP IN ITS TRACKS AND TREMBLE LIKE
SCARED LITTLE *CHILDREN*...

THE REST OF THE WORLD MAY HATE THIS
COUNTRY, DOLOROSSA. THE SAME AS CHILDREN
OFTEN HATE THEIR PARENTS, BUT WHEN MOM AND
DAD ARE FIGHTING, A CHILD'S ENTIRE EXISTENCE
BECOMES A DARK AND *SCARY* PLACE...

AND CHILDREN ALWAYS DO WHAT THEY
ARE TOLD WHEN THEY ARE *SCARED*.

CASSANDRA
DEAR. WHAT'S
THE MATTER?
YOU SEEM
UPSE--




YOU
BITCH!





"BRAINAC"
BETTER KNOW WHAT
THE HELL HE'S DOING
STRYKER, WE'RE A
LONG WAY FROM THE
CONTROL ROOM AND
WE GOT NO TIME FOR
ANY MORE OF THESE
TURDS!



I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AT OUR
SUNDAY SERVICE BEFORE. ARE YOU
NEW TO OUR FAIR CITY?


A comic book panel showing two yellow-skinned, horned creatures with large, pointed ears and a wide, toothy grin. They are standing on a wooden boardwalk or path. In the background, a priest with a mustache, wearing a black suit and a white stole, is smiling and holding a book. To the right, a man in a brown jacket and a woman in a white dress are walking away. The scene is set in a park-like area with trees and a fence in the background.

YEAH, WE
JUST MOVED
HERE.

WELL THEN, THE LORD HAS
BLESSED US WITH BOTH A
BEAUTIFUL DAY AND NEW



THEY'LL SEE YOU
AS YOU ARE AND
SHOOT YOU, SO
TRY NOT TO BE
SEEN, OKAY?



I CAN MESS WITH THEIR VIDEO
SURVEILLANCE AND I'LL TRY TO
KEEP THEM OFF YOU TILL YOU GET
TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND THE
CHAIRMAN, BUT...WELL, I JUST WISH
I COULD HAVE HAD MORE
TIME TO--

RIGHT? WHAT'S REALLY
GOING ON.

SO ALL
THOSE
GUYS...ARE
DEAD?

YEAH.

STRYKER'S
KILLED A LOT OF
PEOPLE, HUH?

"...YEAH."



THE SIGNAL
IS GOING TO
COME FROM THE
CHAIRMAN'S CELL
PHONE. SO THAT'S
YOUR GOAL.

NOW,
HERE'S WHERE
THE PLAN
GETS IFFY.



WAIT, NOW
IT GETS
IFFY?

NOW IF YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN
KILLED UP TO THIS POINT, YOU'LL
STILL NEED TO PLUG THIS CARD
INTO THE POWER PORT OF THE
CHAIRMAN'S PHONE...AND YOU HAVE
AN HOUR AAAND SEVENTEEN
MINUTES TO DO IT.

NOT A PROBLEM.
SELVER, THIS THING GOES
WRONG YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.
AND DON'T LET ANYTHING
HAPPEN TO HER.

OKAY.

EVER.

A comic book panel showing a close-up of a character's face. The character has a yellow visor over their eyes. The background is dark. There are three speech bubbles and sound effects.

JUST AHEAD...

SWEAT
BREATHING,
MULTIPLE
HEARTBEATS...
SERVOS...

CYCLING
THROUGH
OPTICAL
FILTERS
NOW...

WHRRR

KLIK KLIK KLIK



WELCOME,
FRIENDS.
PLEASE COME
IN AND JOIN
US!

THANKS.



TRYING TO SPARE
YOU *BOTH* THE
HUMILIATION OF
MY YOUTHFUL
MISTAKE.

PLUS, I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW THE
MAN WAS STILL
ALIVE.

BULLSHIT!
YOU KNOW
EVERYTHING.





*BIRMINGHAM BAPTIST
CHURCH OF CHRIST.
BIRMINGHAM,
ALABAMA.*






CARIN?
CARIN?



SORRY. HERE, THIS IS A
HYPER-CAPACITY "SECURE
CARD." IT'S OUR "SILVER
BULLET" SO DON'T
LOSE IT.

THE "GO CODE" WILL AUTOMATICALLY
BE SENT TO THE SHOPS IN ALABAMA IN
EXACTLY ONE HOUR AND TWENTY
MINUTES AND ONCE IT'S SENT, BOOM,
THAT'S IT, CIVIL WAR.





UN-F%#ING-BELIEVABLE. I
DIDN'T JOIN THE SHOC CORPS
FOR THIS S#%&!, APHRODITE.
AFTER I TALK TO MY MOTHER
WE'LL NEED TO FIND OUT WHO
OUR FRIENDS ARE.

YES, MA'AM. IT
MAY BE A SHORT
LIST.

HELLO?

ARE YOU
ALONE?

RING
RING



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CARIN? OH MY GOD!
WHERE ARE YOU? ARE
YOU OKAY?

I'M FINE.
JUST ANSWER ME ONE
QUESTION: DID YOU KILL
ALL THOSE PEOPLE IN
OLD TOWN THE OTHER
DAY?

NO, IT WAS DOLOROSSA...
AND HE WAS FOLLOWING OUR
FATHER'S ORDERS.

CARIN, I...I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON...AND I
SWEAR I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT
STRYKER... BUT I'M SO
SORRY---

CLICK




YOU MEAN
LIKE NEO OR
SOMETHING?

YEAH, NEO.
ANYWAY, CHECK
OUT THE SCREEN ON
THE LEFT. LOOKS
PRETTY CHILL
RIGHT? WELL THAT'S
THE IMAGE THAT I'M
SENDING TO CDI'S
SECURITY
MAINFRAME.

I'M SCREWING WITH THEM
BECAUSE THE SCREEN ON THE
RIGHT IS WHITE REALLY

STRYKER! ARES!
SWITCH OPTICALS TO
NEGATIVE THREE
DEGREES REFRACTION,
BOOST TO MAXIMUM
WAVELENGTH!

YES, WE'VE
MADE SOME
IMPROVEMENTS
SINCE YOU'VE BEEN
AWAY.



THE WAY I SEE
IT, BOTH YOU AND
ROBERT GOT A
REASON TO BE HERE,
RIGHT? I MEAN, YOU
GOT PEOPLE YOU
WANNA KILL. WHAT DO
I GET OUTTA
THIS?

C'MON, ARES, A
DISAGREEABLE GUY
LIKE YOU? THERE
MUST BE
SOMEBODY YOU
WANT TO KILL.

WELL,
THERE'S
YOU.





SO?

HE HASN'T
MOVED IN FIVE
MINUTES.

GO TO ORANGE
ALERT AND DO A FULL
PERIMETER CHECK,
SIX-BLOCK RADIUS.
SOMEONE IS IN THE
SYSTEM. AND TO
DO THIS...

THEY
MUST BE
CLOSE.



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Inkers



THAT IS
IMPOSSIBLE.

AN ENTIRE
SQUAD OF SHOCs
WERE TAKEN OFF
ROUTINE PATROL AND
ORDERED TO BREAK



STRYKER?
FOR GOD'S SAKE
MOTHER, *STRYKER IS CARIN'S
FATHER?* THERE ARE PEOPLE
DYING EVERYWHERE AND MY
SISTER, *YOUR DAUGHTER,* IS IN
DANGER! JESUS, WHAT THE
HELL HAVE YOU DONE?

OH. *THAT'S* WHAT
THIS IS ABOUT.
DARLING I WAS ONLY

YO, STRYKER, I WAS
THINKING... YOU'RE GONNA
OWE ME BIG-TIME
FOR THIS.

HOW
DO YOU
FIGURE?








WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, MAJOR?

ANY NEWS OF
OUR FRIEND MORGAN
STRYKER?

YES, OF COURSE,
MR. CHAIRMAN.



NO, BUT MY MEN HAVE HIM ON THE RUN.
I WOULD SUSPECT HIS *CAPTURE* IS
IMMINENT SO WE NEED NOT WORRY
ABOUT HIM, SIR.